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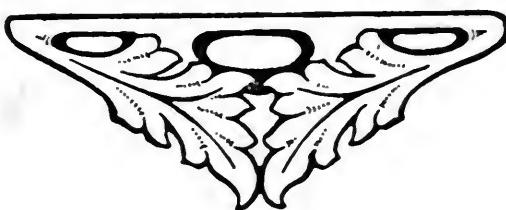
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The House of James

A TRIBAL TALE



By

Schuyler Colfax Spero

ONE OF THE TRIBE

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JAMES (Senior)

Bethune 3-1980



MARTHA (Grandma)

P r e f a c e

It is the purpose of this little book to cement more closely that feeling which should exist among friends and relatives; to add joys to the living and make brighter the memories of our loved ones who have passed beyond the shadows. It is to these and to those who may grace the future, and to the good friends of our tribe, near and far, that this volume is dedicated.

The writer entertains a high regard for those who bear his name or relation thereto, and should this family tale give to them some pleasure, its writing will have not been in vain.

LISTEN, O SPEROS! *

Listen, O Speros, and we shall hear
Of days of care and the days of cheer;
Of days when clouds seem to crowd the light
Toward gloomy realms of darkest night;
When hope but gropes along the way
Till stars with light come out to play
And show the course to the rosy dawn
Where new songs begin and clouds are gone!

Of days of care and of days of cheer,
Ah! this is the tale we all must hear;
The bitter and sweet, the joy and pain
Commingle in life, sunshine and rain;
They grow the roses and thorns as well
On sunny slopes and in shady dell,
And spell the hope and the cheer and gloom
That companion all to the silent tomb.

We'll not discuss the dark side too long,
For this reunion with light and song
Is meant to drive dull cares away,
That joy may grow in the bloom of day.
Listen, O Speros! 'tis better far
To live in light, that our guiding star
May beacon us on in Hope's fond way
To the sweeter realms of fairer day!

*This name, like many others, is spelled in various ways. "Spearow" is the form which was used by our James, senior. But time has made changes in many things and a number are now using the shorter form of "Spero." This, however, is merely optional.



ROSANNAH

"Tis better to think on the good in life
Than to dwell on the pain of onward strife;
May the light of love gleam as we run
While Joy is a-pulse in the shade and sun;
May beauties we see in wood and stream
And glory-glances of morning's gleam,
Keep us attuned with the pure and high—
The full-grown noon and air's lullaby.

That we may truly this tale relate,
In fancy turn to the Keystone State,
Where our grandsire's father and his sire, too,
Lived at the time when freedom was new,
And the fairest flush of Liberty's glare
Was piercing the storm-clouds everywhere.
Listen, O Speros! for here we'll begin
This tribal tale which we hope will win
High regard for our ancestors' ways
'Mid those olden Pennsylvania days.

Thus it was in the fight for the right
Our forefathers gave honor and might;
Like all true men our glorious sires
Helped to enliven Liberty's fires
That were burning and spreading anew,
Ah! burning the very heavens through;
And in those days of peril to all
The Speros were found true to the call.

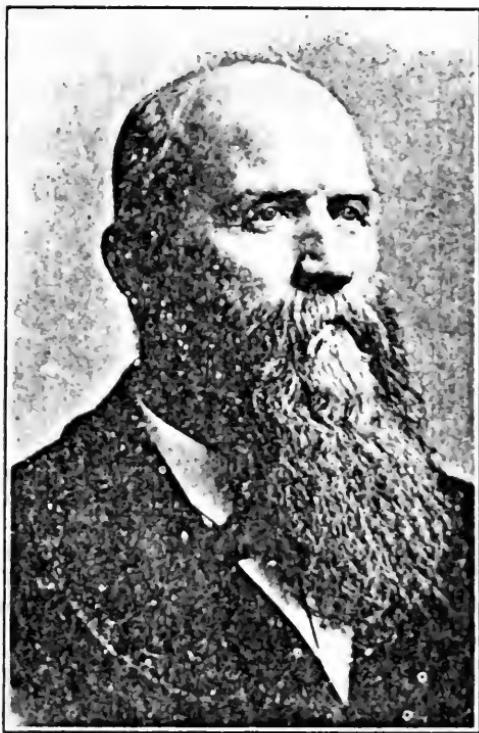
Now this may appear of self-praise wrought
But please, O Speros, perish the thought;
For though we may not with lustre shine
As great as some in history's line;

Yet this great truth in the scheme of Life,
That only a few lead in the strife,
May help to show that the greatest things
Are not always the blare of trumpetings,
But oftentimes the calm and peaceful way
Melodies life with its sweetest lay!

And should we not all be pleased to know
Of the lives that grew 'mid freedom's glow;
Not alone our sires but all whose deeds
Rang free and clear for our country's needs!
Then let this thought oft recur to you,
That the good in life, 'tis very true,
Began to bud and bloom and expand
When our grandsires made their final stand
In freedom's cause, that justice and right
Might be to all the dawn of new light.

The dawn of light for all the Speros
Was near where the Susquehanna flows;
At the eastern end of the Keystone state
Ah! many fond tales we might relate
Of this tribe that lived in work and song,
Or traversed the wooded hills along
And pitched their tents not so very far
From whiere Washington crossed the Delaware.

'Tis joy to know that those days of yore
Are filled with the songs of tribal lore;
With wild romance and poetic dream
Those picturesque days will ever gleam
And give to this tribe assembled here
A feeling mingled with grief and cheer.



JOHN

Listen, O Speros, for we shall know
That these charmed spots in the long ago
From Lancaster hills to Germantown
Where freedom grew and spread its renown;
From Reading to Trenton and all the way
Through vales that stretch from Delaware bay;
The lakes, the wood and the hills around
That served as happy hunting ground;
These all were left for the wild, wierd glow
That gleamed far beyond the Ohio.

There is a desire in some tribes born
Not of mere passion nor hope forlorn;
But a force impelled to do and dare,
To carry life's battles on somewhere
In the far away on wild frontier
Where hope is strong and the days appear
Built in a different sort of way
And Nature sings forth her wildest lay.

Now few of our early tribesmen strayed
But most in Lancaster county stayed,
And in peace and war, it may seem strange,
Not one crossed o'er the mountain range;
Their's was a contented sort of life
On those fertile lands that stretch away
From Susquehanna toward the bay.

The one chief part of our tale we'll state
Is dated from Eighteen hundred eight;
'Twas the birth of one and 'tis quite clear
He is the cause of our being here;
And should we desire to mention names
We'll say, "He's first of the House of James;"

And so he was first to break away
From his friends and kin of boyhood's day;
First to cross the Allegheny crest
That his star of hope might shine in the west.

'Twas in Eighteen hundred thirty-two
When he started toward the western blue
To seek his home as we all should know
'Mid Stark County's wilds of Ohio.
Listen, O Speros! truly 'tis good
To know our chieftain's early manhood;
Of times when he and his noble wife
Braved the hardships of frontier life;
To grow with the west was the high plan
Of James Spero, Senior, our tribe's grand man.

All honor to him, for he had been
Schooled in work by our ancestral men;
He knew the virtues of useful toil
In rural ways and tilling the soil;
His play was largely the joy of work
And no obligation did he shirk;
Fair were his duties met as they came—
Praises for him, the best of our name.

Knit in our love there's one of the lot,
The wife of our James, who should ne'er be
forgot;

Her self-sacrifice, her true, noble life
Were as hope enriching the onward strife.
Her work was for those when shades of day
Just lingered along in sunshine's way;
When grief and gloom at times entered in
And life's fortunes seemed so hard to win;



SAMUEL

"Twas then her good was felt near and far—
Ah! truly she was the guiding star.
We must refer to those joys anew
On that trip in Eighteen thirty-two;
Tho' wild were the lands they journeyed along,
It must have thrilled with beauty and song
And the world 'tis sure was happily drest
From the lowly vale to the highest crest;
The vine-clad hills and the streamlet's bank
Where grew lush thickets dense and rank
In truth were a moving picture show
For nature gleamed in her wildest glow.

'Tis in fancy's dreams that o'er us steal
When wild, wierd scenes make their strong
 appeal

And to those whose souls are ever new
They are like the sight of some strange view
That lifts and holds us in a spell,
We scarce know how, we cannot tell;
But it seems a glory sweeping o'er
That gilds with light the distant shore.

Now, the house of James, we all will find,
Is blest with many of every kind;
And away back in that long ago
Before starting for the Ohio,
We've heard it said and we guess it's true—
"The Spero tribe had increased by two;"
And of these two, as everyone knows,
There grew in life's bloom our sweetest Rose;
But time was kind and as it sped on
The tribe was enriched by its first John;

And there was a world of joy that grew
When life was hallowed by those babes two;
For when our joys are shared with more
Life seems sweeter than it was before,
And this was true with the House of James
When Rose and John were its added names.

But the House of James increased right on
In our tribe's new home near to Canton;
It was not long after Summer's noon
Had bid farewell to the fading June
And lost itself in those Autumn ways
Which slowly merge into Winter's days
That we all find and we gladly tell
Of the added joy when Samuel
Made for this tribe just one more score—
'Twas not long after this trip was o'er.

And it seemed there could be no long stops—
We mean, of course, to growing of crops--
But as we've spoken of Rosannah
We'll now introduce fair Susannah.
Two boys and two girls there were to claim
An equal right in our tribal name;
And a good strong four they proved to be
In the after years, as we shall see.

William was next the name to prolong
And he must have come on wings of song;
For don't you know it was sweet and choice
To hear his fine, melodious voice
When he had grown into manhood's glow,
Just good "Uncle William," don't you know?
But we must pass on with giving names



SUSANNAH

To the sixth, who was our second James;
He must have been lively when he began
For he grew to be a powerful man.
Listen, O Speros! banish all grudge
For the next means "a divine judge!"
Truly we've heard it often and well,
We must lionize him, our Daniel.
And e're this gladsome task is closed up
We mention must give of our Jacob;
'Bout him 'tis said, you've heard it, maybe,
"Ah, Jake, he never was a baby!"

But now we come to one of some class
And 'twould be unjust to let him pass
Unnoticed in this good list of names,
An honored one in the house of James.
Wisdom and peace seemed ever, anon,
To glow in the name of Solomon;
And a good man is our "Sol" today—
Three cheers to him in the Spero way!

Soon the tribe with new joy was awhirl
As the next was a sweet dimpled girl;
No doubt she was airy and fairy,
One thing is sure, they named her "Mary;"
'Tis she who did that wonderful stunt
Of bringing to us good Henry Hunt.
May her glory grow as time glides along—
Mary, O Mary, to us you belong!

'Mid sylvan hills and near streamlets, too,
When Ohio was verdant and new
In vigor and flush of youth there stood
The early flowers of our tribalhood.

In work and song, in worship and play,
Close to the soul of nature lived they;
Knowledge was theirs of the purling streams
That were touched by smiles of myriad gleams;
The rose-bowered banks in the depths of wood
And pathways that led to solitude;
In unclouded noon; 'neath full-grown moon
They caught the bliss of nature's boon;
'Twas like a glad, new swinging world
With a thousand joy-flags all unfurled
Just set apart for youth's fond play
For heaven seemed not so far away.
No wonder, then, they grew so high
As Nature's love was the mystic tie.

We will all agree this noble start
Somehow touches directly on our heart
As those times seem to merge in our own
Like glories glanc'd down from the high throne.
We've heard our own sires speak of those days
So often they still come to our ways
And make us feel we might have lived then
With those substantial women and men
Whose stay in Ohio lasted o'er
A time of about twelve years or more.

Yet our memory will be served quite well,
To note what history's pages tell
Of those days when the red, white and blue
Waved for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."
This was in Eighteen- forty they won
With our grandsire's vote for Harrison
The first; hero of battles was he.

But a short time President to be,
Even our first John, then nine years old,
Remembered seeing this warrior bold,
When he and his father went to town--
But there was no "houn'dawg kicked aroun'."
"Twas a different sort of polities then
Back when our fathers were "little men."

But these little ones were growing to men
With the great lights of history then;
For in Eighteen hundred forty-three
Was the birth of William McKinley;
Following this not so very far
Came the time of the Mexican war,
And then it was that tribal unrest
Took the House of James farther west;
Then it was from the desire to know
Of the wilds beyond the Ohio.
That James faced again the western sun—
Of this we can say, " 'Twas a thing well done."

We've read of bold cliffs of Bienvenue,
Of how the chase with excitement grew;
The hundred dogs that bayed deep and strong,
The many steeds which clattered along;
The bark and whoop and the wild halloo,
And the great unrest that Scotland knew;
Of all the beauties in green and gray
That drest her hills in their wild array;
But these to us are of no avail
When compared to that pioneer trail
Which led the way from Susquehanna
To wooded green of Indiana.

'Twas quite a trip from the Keystone state
Where we this tale commenced to relate
And where this tribal band of just four
Had soon increased to many more
E're they reached the land in Forty-five
When Indians "ate 'em up alive!"
These were wild times in the Hoosier state
And O, ye gods! what a fearful fate
If for causes to us quite unknown
One chanced to be with those Indians thrown.

Listen, O Speros! 'Twas worse than war
To risk one's life in those wilds afar
When animals fierce were howling about
And Red Skins planning to burn one out.
Can you think of times wilder than these?
If so they would only our fancy tease
For our state has evolved from that time
Into a land not far from sublime!

But our peaceful tribe labored the same
As they had in Ohio whence they came;
And wealth amassed in the early days
Was spent down 'long Dekalb County's ways.
A place it was amid the wild wood
And the great silence of solitude
Except, perchance this early day strife
May have been livened by Indian life;
We've heard of no scalps raised in those days
Just for the sake of pastime plays.

Now a most unfortunate thing there came,
Simply injustice working its game,



WILLIAM

For our James found he'd been betrayed
Through actions of low dishonor made
By one who in goodly friendship's name
Perpetrated his deceitful game.
'Twas simply a swindle and a steal
And guess that's the way we all do feel
For though in name this man may stand high
This act none the less clouded our sky
As it was through him the farm was lost—
Winter's language would term it a frost.
'Twas the kind of jolt we sometimes think
That puts the best of us on the blink;
And though it was a mighty bad knock
Our grandsire bravely survived the shock.

Still James kept on with plan and design
And hope again cleaved the upper line;
He started once more, not far to roam
County of LaGrange to find his home,
A home within the "Forks of the Creek,"
In Springfield here did he truly seek.
In Applemanburg lived he awhile
Much in the glad ways of country style;
But 'mid all the joys blooming about
Soon our tribe's hope was nearly crushed out,
For death claimed the wife and mother there
And left that home its first "vacant chair."
Many good mothers have gone away,
Death somehow comes to sadden the way,
But let us to them this tribute bring
A sort of Mother's Day offering:—

Here's a carnation to you, my friend,
Only a little flower;
But O, may it be to you, my friend,
An emblem of Love's bright hour!

Here's a carnation to you, my friend,
Fairest of flowers among
Those that are blooming for all, my friend,
In worlds of roses and song!

Here's a carnation to you, my friend,
And just a little prayer
That O! may you ever be the friend
Of the Mothers everywhere!

Such are the vicissitudes of life
That kink and smooth this work-a-day strife;
Joy often follows the deepest gloom,
Welcome it then, oh, give it much room
For the pleasures of hope, don't you know,
Make on this earth a heaven below.
Good doctrine this our Chief well found,
As Cupid soon was dancing around,
And then Mother Two fell into line—
Of James we say, "he truly did fine;"
For goodness again gave of its joys
To the sad home of those girls and boys;
Little ones needing a mother's care,
So good Mamma Two came then to share
And give to them that inspiring bliss
That comes of a mother's word and kiss.

Thus came the dawn of a brighter life
As growing days were with new hope ripe,

And soon these two in love's fond June
Were enjoying life in their full noon
North of the village a mile or so
Where they lived until twilight's glow
Came to them as the calm night shades creep
And kissed them down into dreamless sleep.

For thirty odd years or more lived they
Right out here along the Springfield way
On two hundred acres and forty more
Where a good name this Spero home bore.
Hospitality reigned there within,
A sort of goodness that grew to win;
'Twas a case of the latch-string hanging out
To friend or stranger going about;
Or a place where the wide open door
Was a symbol of love all the more.

The world rolls 'long at a merry pace,
And somehow it has to, else the race
Might go backwards and that we all know
Would produce bankruptcy here below.
To increase is a cardinal law
And in it we cannot find a flaw;
True, we are all glad to see right here
So many Speros this world to cheer.

The fifties and sixties somewhere between,
Family number two appeared upon the scene;
Three there were, but one favored to live,
And of her special mention we give;
Maybe it is the law of the Sun,
Anyway we favor the youngest one;

It seems the fairest and sweetest flower
Plucked from the richness of Summer's bower;
Her babyhood then we tenderly see
As just a rare bit of purity;
A sort of grace in love's happy play
That smiles at the morn or caresses the day.
Ah! she was like the gleam of the sun
This sweet little girl, the youngest one;
And had they named her fair Leonore,
We're sure we could have loved her no more;
Oh, not even the golden Aurelia
Is as dear to us as our Amelia!

There are memories sweet in love and song.
They oft linger and carry us along
Back over those fields in the long ago
That bloomed between the Burg and Mongo.
Of course in fancy we see them now,
But, O Speros! don't you feel somehow
The tear drops start, for as boys and girls
Those loved spots were like a dozen worlds
That grew their joys to a bigger one
Like morning smiles that grow with the sun.

Love and romance asserted themselves
But not exactly as dancing elves;
And it may be best to have this tale
Refer to them as the "Honey-moon Trail."
Those ways were teeming with romance then
And Cupid liked our women and men
As all responded to him quite well—
They could not break away from his spell.



JAMES

We're not obliged to read old Cowper
To find why Rose got Asbury Helper;
John must have pulsed with ecstatic bliss
When he clasped to his breast Louisa Curtis;
How keen indeed did Samuel feel
When he captured bright Miss Frances Deal;
We doubt that Susan sought a Fifer,
We're sure she got an Amos Nifer;
William made for the tribe its great gain
For his "Helper" was good-hearted Jane;
And James must have felt like a great King
When he to the tribe fair Jennie did bring
Daniel's love somehow ran to a man,
That is, to Barbara Eshelman;
If sung to Jake "I'd Like to Steal Ya,"
It must have been by his Marcellia;
For Mary it seemed a hunting play
When Henry Hunt crost love's runway;
If Solomon's heart beat high in rage
It must have been calmed by Lydia Gage;
Listen, O Speros! don't be in a hurry,
This case we'll submit to Amelia's Joray!
Among these names that brightly shine
We find Anna Maybee fell into line;
It seems she gave up the Spero name
When good "Willie" Hawk entered the game.

Special mention we give to each man,
John and William and Jacob and Dan;
For when our country suffered its woe
They gallantly responded, you know,
And risk'd their joys, their health and their life

At a time when war's unholy strife
Was spreading and rifting the very air
And threatening dissension everywhere.

We'll return again to the list of names
In the ever increasing house of James
For there seemed to be so many more
We are forced to say "Speros galore."
We think that some have worked overtime—
Glad they did, for it helps 'long the rhyme;
The more we have, more truly we say,
" 'Twas a grand Spero Reunion day."

Of cousins we know not how many there are,
But doubtless each one shines like a star.
Some of their names are noble and great;
Fit for the best, we are glad to state.
There's John Alanson, and then Wesley,
Our Charles Fremont and James Henry;
Charles of Dan, two Alberts nobly bright,
Morton and Nelson we see in the light;
Fred the great, and Franks and Wills we know,
And a couple by the name of Joe;
A George, a Lloyd and an Alfred, too,
Ah! don't they sound mighty good to you?
Like the day grown fair, the night less dim
Is our Uncle William's "Lucky Jim."
Grant and Colfax we'll enter right here
With happy Ned and Ernest sincere;
And then one more that we know will win,
One of the youngest—just good Rollin.

Some of these have traveled far and wide,
North to south, from east to western tide;

Beyond rolling plains where western glow
Beams on eternal battlements of snow;
To the great northwest and on and on
To the high grown hills of Oregon;
And from Colorado's skylight way
They've viewed the world in its green and gray.
So good some have been, we must relate,
They have seen, at least, the "golden gate."

Like blossoms in May, the sweets of spring,
The girls we own much loveliness bring;
They fill the charm in a queenly way
And do it so well we scarce can say
Enough in praises of their great worth,
The best of our tribe on this big earth.

The name of Mary seems to agree
So very well they gave it to three;
But others give us so much gladness—
Hattie, Catherine, Ada, Agnes;
And like the sweet charms of an operetta
Are Orpha, Ella, Maggie and Alretta;
If some of these ever grew flamy,
We're sure 'twas not our beloved Amy.

We recall these girls as spirits of spring,
Waked from some innocent slumbering;
We see them flushed with beauty and health
And the many charms of girlish wealth;
We see them as they learned to know
The first sweet touch of maiden's glow;
But in this world of growing years
We see them now through a mist of tears;

We see them now as they're growing old
With the silver threads among the gold.

Listen, O Speros! these names mean much,
For they all carry the Spero touch.

The name has been taken far and near,
And we trust with hope, truth and good cheer;
If we have failed to maintain the good
Started by our early tribalhood,
Then we have fallen far from the right
And this earth has lost much of its light.

Listen, O Speros! have you noted with care
How sweet is life's joy, its love everywhere;
In bloom of the rose, in light of the sun
That shifts gray mists where quick shadows
run;

Or joys that attend the purling stream
In lingering shades or day's fond gleam;
Or the rolling hills in verdant dress
Where brightly smiles God's own loveliness?
These are Nature's lessons to all,
Whether in gloom or in joys grown tall;
They show us the way to stand aright,
The only way to the dawn of light.

With all the beauties Nature can tell
I mingle my love in fond farewell.

SCHUYLER COLFAX SPERO.



DANIEL

PART II

THE MONGOQUINONG LAND

Now, the House of James has grown so much,
To many 'twould seem "It beats the Dutch;"
But the fact the name is known so well
Is the one great joy the records tell
For in them worth and honor are found
With fraternity and goodness bound.

So strongly have they governed the past
It seems they have grown and bloomed at last
For those now here of our tribalhood
Are reflecting some joy, some real good,
Something to better the world we know
And improve this life on earth below.

To prepare the way for better things
Is the best of goodly offerings
And as the days grow into years
There's much of the past to all appears;
It comes like the sunlight piercing through
The clouds that have gathered since the tribe was new;
Those ways of the ever onward strife
Should strengthen somehow our present life.

The House of James is like some great tree
Grown into beauty and quality,
And we trust 'tis good form to declare
That our tribal name, no matter where,
Will for the right continue to stand,
For causes which are noble and grand;
Then our tribal growth will greater be

For in it the world will beauty see
And rewards we hope to sometime share
Should help us here, they will help us there;
Help us when mists and clouds hang dark,
Help us to place much higher our mark;
Help us in purpose in all those ways
That bless and cheer and sweeten the days.

Yes, the House of James is like some tree
That has spread its branches far and free.
In all directions the name is known
So the tribe is not living alone
In a far away place we might know
As the silent land of the Navajo;
Our tribe has sought to different be
From tribal ways in lands of Zuni.

Our work and growth, our prayers and songs,
Have chiefly been with Mongoquinongs.
That good little city we all know
Gladly and well by name of Mongo,
Nestling where Pigeon and Turkey agree
To flow as one to the inland sea,
Carries us back where our tribesmen stood
'Mid the forest ways of solitude.

Now, with the Mongoquinongs we feel
A high regard for the tribe of Deal;
And e're our memories 'gin to fade
We'll live in joy with the tribe of Wade;
Though shadows lurk and darken our play
Memories of Hall make bright the way;
And it's like adding honor and bliss
To link our loves with those of Prentiss.

There's pleasure in names as well as in tones,
Unusually so in Smith and Jones;
While 'mong these tribes no dodgers we find
We're pleased to know of the Rogers kind;
Good names are like good lessons we learn
So we write with pride that of Seaburn;
But of all the ones from "Beer-sheba to Dan"
There's one to remember—Appleman.
Spaulding we know, the medicine chief,
For he it was who gave us relief
When chills and fevers were lurking 'round
And shook so hard they trembled the ground;
And then our memory also falls
On others great, the tribe of Rawles;
Another one do we give with cheer,
Millis, and this the whole tribe holds dear.
Still more there are very near to us,
Ashley and Talmage, Brown and Paulus;
Huntsman and Sears and Wallace also,
Who pitched their tents not far from Mongo.
Along Brushy Prairie, fair and bright,
Dyer and Belden loom in the light.

Among these good tribes are Hamilton,
Wolheter and Carr and Sanderson;
Newnam, Phillips and Ryan we see
Along the ways of the used-to-be.
Lewis and Butler, Nichols and Knight,
Perkins, Bumpus, all stand for the right;
Bassett and Porter, Custer and Booth,
Make for us all tribalhoods of truth.
Along this winding and scenic way
Where green hills slope toward the morn of day,

Clearly we see and with joy we tell
Of Caton and Fuller, Crowell and Goodsell.
This happy way reveals not afar
The tribes of Gilbert, Kingsley and Dunbar.
Where Pigeon and Turkey wind as one
We find the Hawks and the Shepardson;
Colwell we note in the village there
With Stead and Garlets, Haskins and Fair.
Kind and great were they all in their deeds
The Williams, Darrows, Fillmores and Reeds;
Harper and Olmstead and many more
Well may be given in tribal lore.

Some hunting grounds support the "Bull Moose"
But we somehow think of Joseph Foos;
And of these names that make strong appeal
Are Benjamin Jones and Conrad Deal.
'Tis a pleasant past that helps us to see
The well known tribesman, Peter McKinley;
Also to know these tribes' great renown
Is closely linked with good Russell Brown;
And in memory we'll harbor and shield
Those chieftains, Lakey, Wescott, Greenfield.

We scarce can say enough of these names,
They all fit in with the House of James;
They have all known the same ways so long
We'll class them as one "Mongoquinong."
We will all enjoy this Indian name,
'Twill vary somewhat our tribal fame;
Some there are who don't like the roll
Let them use the name of "Seminole,"
As wilder terms are used all along
In peace and war and in art and song.



JACOB

Thus we might traverse the ways and rounds
Known to our tribes as near-sacred grounds.
Oh! joyful ways are these that we know
That lead to historic Ontario;
Ways of the olden days, bright and strange,
Oh! the golden days of old LaGrange;
Days and ways when summer breezes blew
Along trails where choicest pleasures grew,
And as our memory stretches o'er
Those goodly folks of the tribes of yore
We're touched with feelings of joy and pain,
Yet somehow we'd like to live again
In the sunshine of those by-gone years
That were hallowed by these pioneers.

With these we join in love and songs,
For all are of the Mongoquinongs,
And much like the Speros all are they;
They've traveled far from the Pigeon's way,
But the charm of the old beaten track
Has caused their return, their homing back;
And in their advancing years we see
Them living near the old tribal tree.

Many have passed into dreamless sleep
While twilight's shades over others creep;
It seems not long since we saw them seek
The youthful joys of "Forks of the Creek."
There are yet a few whose hearts will thrill
With rustic joys of the "Bullmer Mill;"
Or the mill that stood by the creek road
Near to the Prentiss tribal abode;
Or that olden building known to all,

The white and spooky "Spiritual Hall."
We have heard of ghosts and goblins there
And truly there were some spirits fair
Who sang and spoke with those rarest joys
That come somehow from the girls and boys.
'Twas a fond spot and we loved it well,
The oaks and the mistletoe would tell
Of the merriment that lingered where
Peeping stars smiled on those spirits rare;
But the old landmarks we see no more,
They are simply dreams of days of yore,
Yet as the gray evening shadows fall
There's a ling'ring romance to them all;
So we falter and dream of those ways
That were lit with love in olden days.

And if stories be true sly Cupid was there
When our fathers and mothers were young and fair.
Oh! honeyed was he in olden days,
If we're to judge from his present ways.
In songs he excelled, choice words he knew—
They were sweet as roses kissed by dew.
Like breezes soft-blown o'er wood and dell
He touches the heart somehow so well
We do not doubt that, away back there
'Mid the vales and wood and prairies where
Nature's heart, smiling in happy quest
Made god Cupid both victor and guest.

The river Pigeon played a strong part
In those fond romances of the heart.
As if to improve romantic ground,

Good lakes and rivers were placed around,
Which helped the chiefs to vary their songs;
The chiefs of the good Mongoquinongs;
And helped them to sing their lovetales well—
Oh, that the waters might truly tell,
Tell of their ways when on courtship bent,
Tell of their hopes and joys as they went,
Tell of how they sought their best prize
When night brought out the stars in the skies;
When the man in the moon was surprised to know
There was so much love about Mongo.

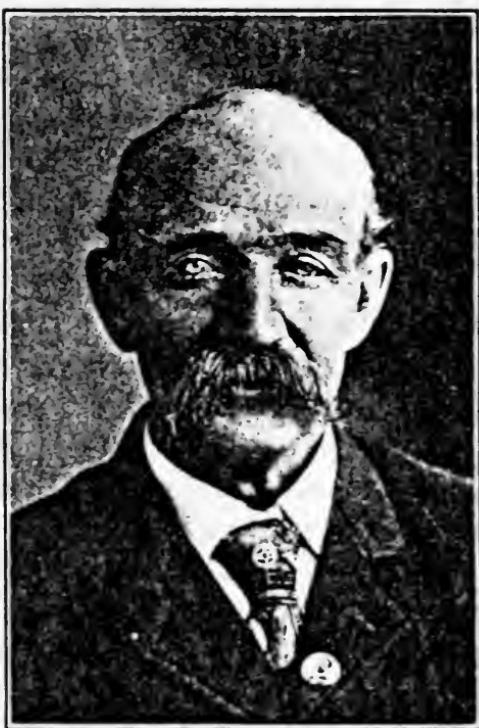
We know that the stars and moon fit in
The places where love is bound to win;
That the woods and flowers and rippling stream
Enrich the ways of love's happy dream;
But sometimes there's a different spell
When the stars and moon come out to tell
Of something that's wild and wierd and fierce,
Of something ready with fear to pierce
One's innermost being through and through,
Like some lone owl a-hooting at you;
Or maybe the brightness of the light
Shows a shadow shaking in the night,
And then truly one will swear he sees
Ghosts a-walking on the very breeze;
And should there be some whispering low
In forest ways where queer shadows grow;
When moon and stars are hid in a cloud
And you feel the weight of night's black shroud,
Then it seems does the heart almost fail
If lost in the course of Pigeon trail;

But love oft guided to brighter day
Chooses the rougher and wilder way.

Once upon a time, Oh, long ago,
A tribesman left the haunts of Mongo;
Left friends and kin of his youthful days
And the hunting grounds of Pigeon's ways;
Still he felt that he'd always belong
To the Springfield tribe, Mongoquinong.
His great teacher Smith taught him to know
That the best tribes lived about Mongo.
This knowledge, however, could not smother out
His desire for seeing and roaming about—
This wild desire to know the great west
Instinctively grew within his breast.

He started one day to seek and see
The rolling lands of the Cherokee.
On he went to the Comanches and Sioux—
They were enough to give him the blues,
But onward he pressed and on and on
Till he reached the vales of Oregon.
Here he found rest with the Umpqua men
As if for years with them he had been
In that far land which was ever new,
North of the slopes of the Siskiyou.

With these he lived in tribal content;
Part of his time to courtship was lent;
'Twas good to know both dusky and fair
And ways of those Indian maidens there;
'Twas a different charm the sun shone on
'Mid those pine-fringed hills of Oregon.
But he must know more of Indian lore



SOLOMON

And the call of the wild came once more.
He started again, it was toward the south,
Though not because of Oregon drouth,
As rains out there are misty and fine
And seem to come to spite the sunshine.

But our tribesman sought the hunting lands
Of the Shasta and the Modoc bands,
Up 'mid the mountains' rugged ways
Where Nature is rough in wildest plays.
With Shastas and Modocs he found it fine,
Where earth is dressed with cedar and pine;
Where the red deer bound o'er meadows free
And the song birds chorus merrily;
They seem to know in their wildest flights
Of springs and streams born in snowy heights;
They seem to know each meadow and glen
And the sly ways of the hunting men.
But our tribesman found no tameness there
In that land of deer and big brown bear;
Even the air was touched with the strange,
So different it was from old LaGrange
That his heart soon grew heavy to know
If he'd again see the ways of Mongo.

It was undefiled and untamed then
With these Shasta and Modoc men.
Their hunting was the chief thing they knew
And our tribesman soon mastered it too—
Well that he did, for his homesick griefs
Were lost to joy with those tribal chiefs.
He soon knew the peaks of snowy ways
At growing dawn and in sunset's haze,

But the dark wood with panther and bear
Was not a matter of friendship there;
Even at times when the rainbowed hills
Were gloried by the songs of the rills
Danger was apt to be near at hand
And there's no dreaming in panther land;
One learns to know and that very quick
Whether his Marlin can do the trick,
For the game that's best in panther land
Is to be game when danger's at hand.

The unsuspected perils in life
Are the ones which quickly end the strife;
Then we should be ready no matter where
To meet the worst dangers lurking there,
For this world, a panther land of greed,
Requires high ideals, force and deed,
Strength of co-operation, and thought
Not of a sordid avarice wrought
But of conscience trained, a brotherhood
Whose teaching is universal good.

Our tribesman wanted the wonderful south
Where mirages are born of heat and drouth.
He left the ways of eternal snow
For the painted plains of the Navajo
Where enchantments of the desert bold
Are like the charms of youth to the old;
And at last he mingled with those bands
Of the silent Arizona lands—
Those lands that so strangely fade away
Like dying sun into twilight gray;
Lands of the weird, fantastic and high—
Lands that merge into blues of the sky.

A wonderful land of splendid sky
Where the throne of night is lifted high—
A constant changing from gold-lit noons
To the purple way of silver moons—
A color-world where the shades may share
The rich profusion of light and air.
Strange phenomena and strange delight
Come from tinted ways of day and night;
Come from the red-fire glare of heat,
Come when the sun and twilight meet;
Come to a charmed land of silent show,
The golden land of the Navajo.

But these wild free ways had not the touch,
Of that good home tribe he loved so much,
And when the novelty wore away
He got to dreaming—sad dreams were they,
For they took him back to that sweet bliss,
When he was cheered by his mother's kiss;
They took him back to those youthful days
And the happy hours of tribal plays;
They took him back to the ways and rule
That governed the old Red Eagle school;
They took him back to those days of old
When smiling fields ran with waves of gold;
They took him to the hills along
Those loved spots of the Mongoquinong.

HIS DREAM OF THE OLD HOME

In Fancy's dream there often grows
Some scene where purling Pigeon flows.
I see the vast, the everywhere
Take on the bright and springlike air
That buds and blooms along those ways—
The afterwhiles of future days.
The birds, the flowers, the wood, the stream
All come before me like a dream
Romantic more than old Ravenna—
My Springfield home of Indiana
Which, true to its name, had the best
To offer those who sought its rest.
The oaks with giant limbs thrown out
And vines and flowers 'twined about,
A ridge that in the background knew
The sweetest joys that ever grew,
And the pathways which led along
The scenes that seemed grown into song,
Light the past where I loved to roam
'Mid the shades of the olden home.
There Goodness rode upon the breeze,
Smiled upon the flowers and trees;
The clouds wore not the darkened hue
But gladly let the sunshine through
That spoke of beauty all along
Like one triumphant march of song.

'Twas thus our tribesman dreamed one day
Of times when Life enjoyed its play.
When all the joys to him were known
As glowing hopes by breezes blown



MARY

O'ermead and hill, by sylvan shore
And the Springfield home, pride of yore.

Fancy, a thing of beauty seems
When on the past it fondly beams,
And that olden home one should know
Was a joy spot in the long ago.
No wonder that our tribesman made
His life a glory 'neath its shade;
Yet work and thought and song and play
Were fond companions of that day.

This tale cannot all joy relate
But some sad things must emanate;
And true to life 'twill better show
Vicissitudes which come and go
Like flowers that bloom, fade and die
And clouds that fleck the distant sky—
The smiles, though griefs bedim the goal
And speak the language of the soul.

That we may now more beauty share
Let's to the sunrise end repair
Where wooded slopes a picture made
About the rim of Otter Lake.

'Tis here the Pigeon we will find
Starts on its course to ever wind,
And sing to vales and hills along
On to Mongoquinong.

Toward north and west the river's way
Through wood and moor salutes the day;
At night when stars the vigil keep
And life is wrapt in dreamy sleep

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There comes a wild weird serenade
From out the depths of deepest shade.
The nightingale is touched with song
And joins the chorus clear and strong
While from some distant wooded hill
Is heard the plaintive whippoorwill.
'Tis here and there the starbeams peep
Through woody dells, on waters deep,
And cataracts in wild delight
Accentuate the festive night.
Again they seek the deeper rest
'Mid woods that shade the distant west;
The waters really seem to know
The many ways that come and go
And from their most exultant mood
They seek the silence of the wood;
And all along in light and shade
'Tis like a chastened serenade
That sweetly lilts on wings of night
While Dian spreads her silvery light—
Thus the river's wandering way
Is companioned by night and day.

Oh! my flowing, my rippling stream,
I catch your singing in my dream;
I hear the trees that sang to you
Before my dreams were even new;
I see fond lovers stroll along—
They listen to your wildest song;
I see the flowers on banks of green
That richly beautify the scene;
I see the oaks and willows there,

Still you escape the nets of care;
I doubt that in your moonlit strain
You feel the touch of sorrow's pain,
Yet in my dreams I find belief
You give an echo of some grief,
For I know not if I shall stray
Where once I caught your tuneful lay;
But if at last my feet shall go
Along those paths I used to know,
It may be that this grief I see
Is only in my dreams of thee!
Once more, O may mine eyes delight
To rest upon thy waters bright—
Once more, O may I know the truth
That formed my world in happy youth!

Stay, O stay in our memory more,
Hills of green and yon bright sylvan shore;
Fade not too soon, O trees that grew
When all these lands were fresh and new!
The flowers we know will bloom again
And may be remind us of these men,
Oh, happy vale, Oh, vernal place
Where once we saw them face to face!
Sing on, O breezes, fair and bright,
In golden day and in moonlit night;
You seem the touch of heavenly things
In your melodious offerings
That somehow echo all along
These sacred ways of Mongoquinong;
Sing to our youth for they knew not then
Ways of those stalwart women and men!

The billowy fields of green and gold,
May remind them of those days of old;
The lakes that form the babbling streams
May picture to them in their dreams;
Oh! let there be some way that more
They'll think about those days of yore
When search of wealth was not the goal
For the growth and beauty of the soul.

Listen, O Speros, can this dream mean you,
Have you yearned in dreams for the old home, too
Or been with strangers so very long
You were waked by strains of the old-home song?
Have you felt the touch of friendly hand
When in a far away, lonely land
And heard a voice that in some way told
Your memory of the days of old?
Has it ever made the teardrops start
When some good fellow with cheerful heart
Would gladly step up to you and say,
"Well, my brother, how are you today?"
If so, then this dream we feel will be
For you little less a mystery.

And now, O Speros, let's join in song
Of Home, Sweet Home and Mongoquinong;
Let's give three cheers for the Springfield ways
And these good happy reunion days;
May we all live to enjoy them more
And revive again the days of yore!

History sits at the feet of Time
Ready to chronicle things sublime;
Thought mingled with labor must share



AMELIA

The best in this life sometime, somewhere;
Patience and goodness of heart must be
The factors in life's simplicity.
Then falter not in doing your best
When heart and soul are put to the test;
The way's not long though clouds darkly roll,
Then let us all place higher our goal.
Oh, may the hope, good will and good cheer
That should come to all assembled here
Help us to hallow and bless this life
With the deeds of love that brighten the strife!

SCHUYLER COLFAX SPERO

Short Poems

By



Schuyler Colfax Spern

BOYHOOD FRIENDS AND YOU

Back from the West I come, old home,
Back from its vales and heights and foam;
O'er mountains, plains and rivers, too,
Back to my boyhood friends and you!

Back from the West I come once more,
Back to my home in days of yore
To smile again where I first knew
Ways of my boyhood friends, and you.

Back from the West I come today,
Back from where the Sun hides away;
Back where my morn's bright growing view
Caressed my boyhood friends, and you.

Back from the West I come to greet
Land of the Used-to-be, so sweet;
Back where my magic childhood knew
Undying love for friends, and you!

COMING HOME

I come, I come, my hope is won,
From dying day to rising sun;
I knew that darkness would soon be,
I come, more light to see.

I come, I come, my dream is true
For long I've yearned to be with you
O friends and home in days of yore,
I come, swing wide the door!

I come, I come, you've waited long,
Now let us all renew the song
For heaven reigns when love is near,
I come for light and cheer.

WHERE THE PIGEON IS FLOWING

This song of mine
Is a song of the line,
To be sung when we come together
In a social way
When our hearts are gay
Like the charms of summer weather.

You may call it a song
Of Mongoquinong,
Of hills of LaGrange and her valleys;
But sing it with cheer
As glad days are here



PIGEON RIVER

To brighten our reunion rallies.
This song of mine
Like the song of the wine,
Is happy and free in its tripping;
But as for the juice,
We'll say that its use
Will not play a part in our singing.

Let the song please
Like the health-giving breeze,
When through wood it goes with its tuning;
And from the bowers
Of roses and flowers,
To us waft the sweets of perfuming.

May the song share
With blest summer fair,
As it swings in glory its going;
And make our wealth
Of love and of health,
In this vale where the Pigeon is flowing.

IN REVERIE

There's a land I used to know,
Sunshine hills and vales aglow;
Oh, I knew it when a boy,
When my life was springtime's joy;
It was growing then to me
Like a world of mystery,
For it seemed each living thing
Gave to life some good offering;
And when Time brought May and June,
Golden sun and silver moon,
Full-grown summers and the fall,
How marvelous was it all;
Then the cold December days
That led on in winter's ways;
Round and round these changes went
In that land of sweet content;
In that land I used to know,
Sunshine hills and vales aglow—
Sunshine hills and vales, thy gleams
Light me through the land of dreams!
For as time swings on its ways
Bringing other Junes and Mays,
Growing age seems lost somewhere
'Mid the dreams of summer fair,
In the hope of something nigh
Fairer stars that dwell on high.
Oh, dear land I used to know,
Gleam on in my twilight's glow;
In fancy I hear thee sing,

In gratitude I'm answering;
In memory thy rich array
Helps me on and on the way;
From thy wholesome joys and love
Hope exalts to realms above!

A DREAM OF MOTHER

"Twas a good day in October
And I talked with my mother too;
She told me her hopes and glories
When her life was fresh and new.

She told me the sweet glad story
Of things she would do someway
When my life seemed just beginning
On that good October day.

She told me of love's fond blessing
And showed me their helpfulness;
She had shared them, too, with others—
Sweet saint! her thought was to bless.

She told me her past and present,
The ways when blossoming years
Glow with the sunshine of beauty
In spite of the mist of years.

She brought me the fairest tidings—
Oh, heavenly sweet do they seem.
This day in golden October
I've lived with her in my dream!

WISHING AND HOPING (To a Friend)

I wish to walk once more the ways
I trod in boyhood's happy days;
Oh, it would be a cheerful smile
To greet you all and live awhile
Amid those places where my joy
Was best when I was just a boy.

I know my bark of life is frail
But trust 'twill stand the lashing gale;
And though the clouds that veil the blue
Will scarcely let the sunshine through,
I hope to greet you everyone
Before my final trip is done.

TO BE WITH YOU

I'd like to be with you back there
And of your joys have just one share;
I would not try e'en though I could
To place a claim on all the good.

I'd be content to clasp your hand
And talk to you in that good land
Once more, about the long ago
When time seemed new to us you know.

I'd be right glad to see your smile—
I don't believe it's changed in style,

And if it has I know your face
Still gleams with joy in that fond place.

Ah, yes, I'd like again to see
Where we enjoyed the used-to-be;
That tender joy—you've felt it, too,
In memory come peeping through.

I'd like again my fancy fed
Just as the Sun has left his bed
And see the morning beams appear
That diadem the world with cheer.

I'd like to stroll the woodland's way
Back where these happy waters play;
Or wander o'er those hills to gaze
Upon the sunset's golden haze.

I see the verdant dress of spring
And summer's high noon offering;
Their waving fields of green and gold
In memory I still behold.

I see the friends in days of yore
Whose ways on earth we see no more
And in this life of change we know
Our joys are touched with pain and woe.

But with it all this life is good
Despite of painful solitude;
So let us calmly face the night,
Through love and truth we'll reach the light.

Oh, I would like to see you all,
The little ones and ones grown tall;
It matters not how many are
In that old home away so far.

It truly doesn't seem to me
I could find you less fair to see;
For oh, how charming is the old
When lighter shades spread o'er the gold.

And so I'll try to greet you there
And of your joys have just one share;
'Twill help to make our going day
Smile on and on to twilight's way.

A REFLECTION

Tell me brothers, does the scene
In and round old Springfield gleam
With that bright and sylvan touch
Which we used to love so much?

Do the breezes of the night
Cadence on the soft moonlight?
Do the stars so brightly beam
As in days of youthful dream?

Does the bright and rosy morn
Subjugate your hopes forlorn?
Does it throned your heart with joy
As when you were just a boy?

In your calm, reflective mood
Do you seek some solitude
Chambered in a forest dell
Where messengers of Pan dwell?

Do the upland and the wood
Hark you back where once there stood
Pioneers of former years,
Fathers of our hopes and fears?

Oh! glorious days of old,
Their loveliness is untold;—
While our bark speeds to that Shore
Their songs lilt to us evermore.

Pleasant, sweet, forever yet
Their mem'ry is rimmed and set
With the gems of loves and sighs
Lost in the hush of sad “good-byes.”

AN APPREHENSION BUT WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK

I'm invited to come and feed,
And truly I'm inclined to heed,
For those feeds I used to share
Most any time, no matter where.—
Ah, all along the sunny range
From good Steuben to fair LaGrange—
I yet remember with much joy;

And should I eat, eat like a boy,
I look upon it with some doubt
As good feeding might mean the gout
For one who is right glad to tell
Of how the old folks lived so well;
But, somehow, I'm inclined to think
These feeds might put me on the blink,
And that my slats might spring and quake
If I once more those good things take.
No matter who may be to blame
For feeding me on fish and game,
And all the luscious things which grow
Where I am just about to go,
I'll risk the trip, I'll risk the feed,
And this is why I'm taking heed
To invitation sent to me,
That bids me to the used-to-be.
But let all things come as they may,
Good feeds, too, 'long the old time way—
There used to be, oh, so much room
For everything excepting gloom!
With all my heart I'm thinking still
Good cooking yet is on the bill;
I'm sure it hasn't all been lost
In rush of time at any cost;
I do not think these ways still fair
Are heavy burdened with despair;
I think maybe those times of old
Somehow by younger ones are told.
I know there's sunshine after rain



THE OLD HOME

The same as joy that follows pain;
It can't be different back where
I gave of blessed youth its share;
Surely the nows and yesterdays
Should be as sweet as olden ways,
For there are boys and girls that bless
The same as in our youthfulness.
Some day they'll gaze upon this time
And say it was almost sublime;
'Twill be fond memories to them all
When they are boys and girls grown tall;
Such ways are not so very strange—
They've all been lived in old LaGrange;
But the thing I'm concerned about
Is the good feed without the gout.
I'm sure, despite the chilling blast,
Love will hold to the very last;
So let me share those feeds once more
The same as in the days of yore.

THE SPIRITUAL HALL

The spooky hall that stood near the hill—
Say, I hear those oak trees rustle still—
I see again the bright moonlight
That smiled on exhibition night;
Oh, it was fairy then, you know,
Despite the chill of winter's snow,
And deep with all I hear some voice—

It rather makes my heart rejoice,
For while I cannot grasp his hand
I see him mid that cheerful band,
And full upon the air there floats
His double B and low C notes.

Oh, give me then the stories gay,
Rich with some ghost and spooky play;
It matters not how many there are,
Though there's a ghost for every star;
Should there be raven or a hawk
'T would add a beauty to the talk
Though it were whispered o'er and o'er
To those sad strains of "Nevermore."

That spooky hall we'll ever see
Through veils of weird-like mystery;
There seems to be a touch of fear
That lingered round that place of cheer,
For joy it was in spite of ghosts,
And should we offer here our toasts
We would include each fair abode
About that hall on the old Creek road.

We know to some they will seem small,
Those ways about that Spiritual Hall;
They cannot hear that joyous lay
That lilts along fond mem'ry's way;
The old oaks may not sing as sweet
As in the times we used to meet;
Their shadows they no longer throw
On that fair place we used to know;

The hall is gone, the spirits, too,
But of those ways when time seemed new
We speak in love, when life was gay
With living flowers of yesterday.

JOHN ALANSON

When of subjects to write I have but a few,
Then I'll write, John Alanson, of you;
I'll handle the subject as well as I can—
This John Alanson, the grand old man.

I know there are many too slow for the pace
But this John Alanson is still in the race;
From Niagara to Pacific's blue shore
His mighty basso has been heard o'er and o'er.

For fifty odd years he has sung to this earth
And from his singing we have caught the glad mirth
That drives away sorrow, that drives away care,
That makes the smiles grow in the ways of despair.

Like the sunshine of morn he started his way
And his light spreads on as he sings forth his lay;
We recall his youth and his noon when he stood
Full deep 'mid the roses of early manhood.

Like a bird on the wing he has gone about
Putting pain and sorrow and despair to rout;
Giving color to life and trimming it bright
Like the hills fringed with green when kissed by the
light.

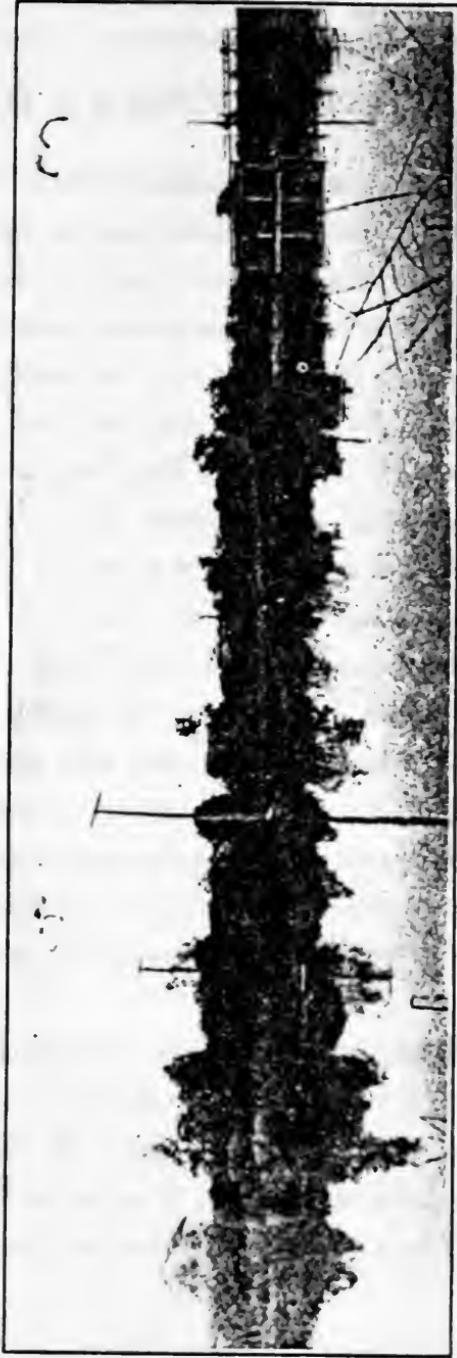
If faltered he has in the great work of life
We somehow regard him a help in the strife;
For no matter how near or far we may go
We'll find John Alanson a part of the show.

For fifty odd years he has well stood the test
And now mantled in gray he smiles toward his west;
Smiles adown life's slope toward its twilight
and sea—

John Alanson, I'm writing, writing of thee!
Oh, yes, John Alanson, I'm writing, you see—
There's beauty and love in the work, we'll agree;
Though a splendid old world, still the work you've
done
Has helped it to become a much better one.

So when the time comes when farewell we must say,
Through the mist of tears we will smile on that day
Like the gladsome sunshine the clouds peeping
through—

Oh, John Alanson, I'm writing of you!



MONGO

TO A HAPPY SCHEMER

Ah! go on with your scheming, your dreaming and your fad.
I hope you'll hit en something that will not seem so bad;
I know that you 've always seemed a great puzzle to us all—
'Tis same in spring, in summer, in winter and in fall;
But we really trust and hope when from Texas you get back,
At fifty-eight you'll be new on the Springfield track;
That to everyone you'll sell a section of that land
That's kissed by gulfy breezes down 'long the Rio Grand';
Or maybe you'd do better to bring back here with you
A slice of gay old Pike's Peak and placee it here on view,
Right here by happy Pigeon that sings a constant song
As it flows from Lake of Otter through Mongequinong.
Oh, we know that with your scheming you'll go on and on
So why not bring to us that land where rolls the Oregon?
'Twill seem almost like glory to even wait and wait
For you to bring to us California's golden gate.
Our prairies here will greet you, the Forks of Creek will
smile,
If you'll only scheme of something that's really worth while;
Ah, we've been waiting in this valley and in this little town
For you to turn this earth entirely up-side-down;
And we all will be better if you make a touch or two,
So, I say, my good old schemer! Here's success to you!

OLD PAP OF HINKYDINK

Your Pap is a great old chap;
He's on deck with any scheme;
He has everything on tap,
From a shotgun to a dream.

We like your Pap for all that;
He's a hopeful sort of man;
He is always keyed to chat
And debate whenever he can.

Thought he frames with reckless care
And the world grows pale to think
Of his logic and hot air,
Fed on beans at Hinkydink.

Where great questions are discussed;
But when your Pap hits the pace
Standard Oil is doomed to bust.
Death he is to such a thing;
His incisions are so deep
That big trusts go glimmering
At his groat forensic sweep.

His double B and low C
Both awake old Hinkydink
With power like some mystery,
And have forced her to the brink.

There she stands in trembling fear
As his tones reverberate
And spread about as much cheer
As a blizzard up to date.

In Swamp Root the deep low bass
Your Pap takes with seeming ease,
Peruna's where he shows class
While in Hood's he's just the cheese.

But your Pap and Hinkydink
Have grown antique together;
Those Swamp Root tones simply kink
And freckle up the weather.

But he's changed, we must confess;
He talks now to the farmer
And if we don't miss our guess
He'll talk where it is warmer.

Ah, glory be, his late thing
Will conserve the old town's health;
His talks on corn will soon bring
To old Hinkydink great wealth.

Hail to your Pap's cornfed talks—
True they will echo along
'Mid Hinkydink's snowbanked walks,
A new corn-chorus of song.

And here's to your Pap's fond dreams,
His airships that dot the blue,
May the hope that lifts his schemes
Hold out till they all come true.

Conclusion:

Now, what's been said may it cause
No rankling in the thorax;
And those talks on cornfed laws
Please send along to Colfax.

TO A LADY OPTICIAN

Here's to the lady optician,
I'm sure that her smiles make a hit;
I trust that the glasses she sold you
Have proven a delightful fit.

How well you speak of this lady,
She surely must be a sunbeam;
A Creature, airy and fairy,
With charms like the beauties of dream.

Ah, happy I'd be to meet her,
This optical lady so fine;
Lovely she is and entrancing—
O Heavens! I know she's divine!

TO UNCLE JAKE

I am sad, very sad to know
That you're down with old Lum Bago;
Now, I don't know who he is,
But am told it is hiz biz
To make pains more severely grow.

But no matter how he makes you shake,
Just keep on a-smiling, Uncle Jake,
For smiles have won a world, don't you
know,
In spite of all these pains here below—
So down with Lum Bago, Uncle Jake!

Though pains force out the sweets of cheer
Like sunshine is when clouds appear,
Still life is charming in its way
For hope somehow sees the glad day
That looms on ahead bright and clear.

No matter how Lum Bago makes you quake,
Keep your face wreathed in smiles, Uncle
Jake,
With those happy smiles that seem as fine
As the roses blushing on the vine—
Ah, that's the way to be, Uncle Jake!
Out with Lum Bago, Uncle Jake,
He's a downright fraud and a fake,
I'm sure you have lived long enough
To find his touch is very rough—
Now isn't this true, Uncle Jake?

That I sympathize with you isn't strange
Even though you live in old LaGrange,
But what are those doctors there about
That they do not put Lum Bago out—
Oh, this is the thing that seems so strange!

A FISHING SONG

It's fish for breakfast, fish for dinner, fish for supper, too
How fishy I am feeling while singing this to you;
The sun is just a-smiling on these fishy lakes and streams
And I am smiling, too, 'cause I'm fishing in my dreams.

It's just the same at morning, it's just the same at noon,
And I sometimes think they're fishing in the silver moon;
For at night I see the splendor reaching down from high,
It seems somehow that fishes are swimming in the sky.

Oh! it's fish at every corner, fish at every turn,
Methinks that in the winter they have fishes here to burn.
But ere this gladsome autumn has grown so very old
These lakelets may be teeming with shining schools of
gold.

And as we're drifting onward toward the purple bay
I'll more enjoy the going by fishing 'long the way;
And when my leave I've taken of streamlet, lake and
wood,
Oh! let me be transported where fishing is still good.

ON THE MOHAVE DESERT

I would not like to wear out my days
Out here upon these ashen ways;
I would prefer the lively green
That graces Indiana's scene.

I recollect her lakes and rills.
How different these wind-swept hills,
These lonely paths that seem to run
On to the pathway of the sun!

How different that vale I knew
When in my youth the roses grew;
But now when I am growing gray
A desert looms along my way.

A desert, ah, a lonesome world!
For nature's flags are not unfurled
To breezes that go dancing 'long
With balm of joy and sweet of song.

But with it all I yet can see
The green hills that were dear to me;
Unto this waste I close my eyes
When scenes of fairer worlds arise.

With all the gloom, with all its pain,
I picture joy upon this plain;
In fancy now that purling stream
Is smiling for me in my dream.

Oh laughing Pigeon, fair and bright,
I hear you in this desert night;
Your music sweet through sylvan wood
Sings to me in this solitude!

The fields of golden-painted hue
Are waving now before me, too;
I see the ways of untold worth
That glorify this massive earth.

'Tis true my life is desert now,
The thorns must come to us somehow;
But through the dark there shines afar
A light of hope from silver star.

Yes, light of hope where sinks to rest
The golden sun far in the west;
Far, far beyond the final shore
Where Love is Lord forever more.

IN KENDALLVILLE TOWN

Oh, dear friends, ere my sun goes down,
Let me tell again of Kendallville town;
It always is best to speak of the truth,
So I'll say it was the world of my youth.

Years have gone since the dear ones I knew,
When goodness and joy seemed ever in view;
Yet those faces to me beam brightly still
In the good old town of Kendallville.

In memory I seek those happy ways o'er
And I bask in the smiles on Bixler's shore;
'Neath the shades of Mott and Diamond I see
The many loved ones in the used-to-be.

'Long Mitchell and Main and Silver I go
And State and Orchard and William also;
I catch the hum of the busy Star mill—
Oh, I'm living again in Kendallville.

Ah, living once more 'mid its walks and shade,
Yes, living where pastime's glory was made;
And Spirit of Joy is once more awake
As in this good town new pleasures I take.

The great task of life is happiness still,
It's been living o'er and o'er in Kendallville;
And I'm glad to know, in spite of the pace,
My boyhood town is abreast in the race.

Hope still rides on the bright Albion way,
The city of Rome in sylvan array;
Avilla, Lisbon and Corunna, too,
And the historic fields of Waterloo.

These hills and dales are still to me sweet
For love somehow lingers where old friends
meet—

Ah, Roses of Life! My heart is a thrill,
It is morning again in Kendallville!

'Tis morn, smiling morn, I've sought not in
vain

This fountain of joy that bursts forth again;
The lights spread on and I see all around
The spots that once seemed as near sacred
ground.

Let me trail ,trail again these aisles of green
While the Night Queen smiles through her
silvery sheen;

Let me linger awhile at home and rest
For home-keeping hearts are steadfast and
best.

And so, dear friends, ere my sun goes down,
I must sing one song of my boyhood town;
Sing, sing my lay with its joy and its truth,
For Kendallville town, the world of my youth.

I'VE COME TO YOU

I've come, I've come, my friends, to you,
But yet I cannot rightly tell
Of those fond ways we all once knew
In this old town we love so well.

I've come, I've come, my friends to see,
The friends who smiled along this shore;
My eyes grow dim—it seeme to me
They've gone, they'll grace these waysnomore.

I've come, I've come, my friends to greet,
Where life was like some happy guest;
I gaze about, but fail to meet
Those fairest flowers, theyv'e gone to rest.

I've come, I've come, dear friends, to give
Of joy and truth and hope and love;
Though vacant ways, still let us live
To share the light of worlds above.

I've come, I've come, dear friends, to know
These living roses, good and true;
And if our lives more sweetly grow,
I'm glad, dear friends, I've come to you.

AT THE CLOSE

These vernal ways I'll pass no more
But from that far-off, beaming shore
May I look back across the sea
Where hope and love began for me.

No more I'll hear these voices sweet,
No more in happy songs we'll greet,
Where once the golden sunshine grew
And seemed a glimpse of heaven, too.

I shall not pass again this way,
But gladly face the coming day;
Ah! gladly face that spreading light
Beyond the stars, beyond the night.

No more I'll see this sacred place
Where once we met in love's embrace;
Be faithful to the last, O friend,
For hope attained will be the end.

JAMES SPEAROW, SENIOR

James Spearow, Senior, was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, September 18, 1808, and was married to Susannah Stauffer in Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, in the town of Annville, October 14, 1828. They moved to Stark county, Ohio, in September, 1831, thence to Noble county, Indiana, in April, 1845; thence to the village of Springfield in LaGrange county, Indiana, in the month of November, 1845. At this place Susannah Spearow, his wife, departed this life February 22, 1849. He was married to Martha Jane Millis, September 13, 1849. Her maiden name was Burk. She was born in Madison county, Kentucky, November 28, 1811. From this place she emigrated to Champaign county, Ohio, on horseback, in the month of November, 1816, thence to La-

Grange county, Indiana, in November, 1836. In this county she was married to John W. Millis on the 17th day of September in the year 1840. John W. Millis died March 13, 1849, at Springfield, LaGrange county, Indiana. To them were given four children. After the death of Mr. Millis she was married to James Spearow, Senior, September 13, 1849, and their union was blessed with three children. She united with the United Brethren church in 1870, and remained a faithful, devoted and consistent member to the day of her death.

Soon after her marriage to James Spearow they moved one mile north of Springfield village, where they lived the remainder of their lives, surrounded by all that industry and frugality can afford.

Mrs. Martha Spearow died July 3, 1888, and James Spearow, Senior, departed this life May 1, 1893.

The following is a list of the family of James Spearow, Senior:

- 1 James Spearow, senior, born September 18, 1808, married October 14, 1828, September 13, 1849, died May 1, 1893.
- 2 Susannah (Stauffer) Spearow, born in 1801, married October 14, 1828, died Feb. 22, 1849.
- 3 Martha (Burk) Spearow, born November 28, 1811, married Sept. 13, 1849, died July 3, 1888.
- 4 Rosannah (Spearow) Helper, born July 25, 1829, married August 6, 1857, died January 6, 1913.
- 5 John Spearow, senior, born January 12, 1831, married October 24, 1853, June 13, 1880, died April 5, 1901.
- 6 Samuel Spearow, born October 14, 1832, married December 24, 1857, died March 3, 1905.
- 7 Susannah (Spearow) Neifer, born July 4, 1834, married 1857-1858, died August 30, 1872.
- 8 William Spearow, born January 24, 1836, married June 24, 1858, September 16, 1905, April 26, 1910.
- 9 James Spearow, junior, born November 1, 1837, married Oct. 15, 1863, died September 26, 1899.
- 10 Daniel Spearow, born November 13, 1839, married September 17, 1863, died September 5, 1907.
- 11 Jacob Spearow, born October 15, 1841, married August 25, 1867.
- 12 Solomon Spearow, born August 15, 1843, married October 25, 1868.
- 13 Mary (Spearow) Hunt, born December 25, 1845, married November 28, 1869.

- 14 Sarah Ann Spearow, born May 15, 1851, died March 17, 1853.
- 15 Amelia (Spearow) Joray, born April 9, 1853, married April 18, 1874.
- 16 Gibson Spearow, born September 17, 1855, died July 5, 1856.

The following are the names of the companions and children of the elder Spearow family, with reference given by marginal number:

- 4 17 Francis Asbury Helper, born May 20, 1836, married August 6, 1857, died December 16, 1902.
- 18 Albert D. Helper, born January 6, 1862, married May 25, 1882.
- 5 19 Louisa (Curtis) Spearow, born October 22, 1834, married October 24, 1853, died March 1, 1879.
- 20 Anna (Maybee) Spearow, born March 4, 1846, married June 3, 1880, May 28, 1911.
- 21 John Spearow, junior, born September 28, 1854, married January 1, 1878.
- 22 Jimmie Spearow, born March 31, 1859, married December 22, 1878.
- 23 Schuyler Spearow, born September 28, 1870, married September 16, 1896.
- 6 24 Frances (Deal) Spearow, born July 28, 1838, married December 24, 1857.
- 25 Dayton Spearow, born February 27, 1859, died October 17, 1862.
- 26 Addie Spearow, born June 30, 1860, died October 21, 1862.
- 27 Charles F. Spearow, born May 31, 1861, married December 21, 1883.
- 28 Fred Spearow, born October 4, 1864, married March 24, 1897.

- 29 Joseph Spearow, born March 31, 1868, married December 25, 1896.
- 30 Agnes (Spearow) Kain, born December 26, 1871, married February 12, 1891.
- 31 Ned Spearow, born April 3, 1874, married March 2, 1898.
- 32 Maggie (Spearow) Wade, born February 17, 1877, married August 5, 1896.
- 7 33 John M. Helper, born October 8, 1830, married 1857.
- 34 Amos Neifer, born November 3, 1831, married October 7, 1858, died November 10, 1888.
- 35 Kittie Helper, born 1858, died 1860.
- 36 Frank Neifer, M. D., born October 24, 1859, married July 3, 1881, March 19, 1884, December 10, 1889.
- 37 George Neifer, born October 25, 1861, married October 6, 1881.
- 38 Annie Neifer, born 1869, died 1870.
- 39 Will Neifer, born May 9, 1870, married March 1, 1898.
- 8 40 Sarah Jane (Helper) Spearow, born January 6, 1905.
- 41 Salome (Krum) Spearow, born June 4, 1852, married September 16, 1905, died Oct. 31, 1909.
- 42 Ida Hall Spearow, born July 20, 1850, married April 26, 1910. .
1833, married June 24, 1858, died January 26,
- 43 William Spearow, junior, born —, died February 21, 1859.
- 44 Wesleey C. Spearow, born June 11, 1860, married 1878, died July 29, 1908.

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- 45 Mary (Spearow) Teal, born March 12, 1862,
 - 46 Aloretha (Spearow) McKenzie, born September
married September 18, 1887.
29, 1864, married December 23, 1887.
 - 47 Frank Spearow, born July 29, 1866, died October
18, 1881.
 - 48 Catherine (Spearow) Deter, born June 24, 1868,
married November 10, 1889, died May 4, 1908.
 - 49 James P. Spearow, born April 11, 1872, mar-
ried June 13, 1903.
 - 50 Amy (Spearow) Suyer, born November 25,
1873, married November 25, 1896.
 - 51 Alfred Spearow, born August 7, 1877, married
January 19, 1909.
 - 52 Albert Spearow, born August 7, 1877, married
January 6, 1895.
 - 53 Willie C. Spearow, born March 11, 1879.
 - 9 54 Jennie (Hodge) Spearow, born November 3,
1840, married October 15, 1863.
 - 55 Morton Spearow, born July 7, 1864, married
February 11, 1886.
 - 56 Nelson Spearow, born April 8, 1865, married
May 13, 1906.
 - 57 Grant Spearow, born March 27, 1868.
 - 58 Will Spearow, born May 2, 1871, married Aug-
ust 16, 1896.
 - 59 Mary (Spearow) DeLong, born October 3, 1874,
married January 1, 1891.
 - 60 Orphie (Spearow) Hughes, born November 17,
1875, married July 27, 1899.
 - 10 61 Barbara (Eshleman) Spearow, born September
20, 1840, married September 17, 1863, died Aug-
ust 23, 1904.

- 62 Charles E. Spearow, born April 30, 1864, married September 7, 1902, January 3, 1907. Died April 24, 1922.
- 63 Mary (Spearow) Needham, born April 27, 1868, married August 15, 1888.
- 64 William E. Spearow, born September 27, 1871, married September 25, 1891.
- 65 Joseph Spearow, born May 9, 1876, married June 28, 1899.
- 66 Ernest Spearow, born September 29, 1878, married November 21, 1900.
- 11 67 Marcellia (Smith) Spearow, born December 22, 1839, married August 25, 1867.
- 68 Sarah Spearow, born March 20, 1868, died September 17, 1869.
- 69 Hattie (Spearow) Cole, born February 23, 1872 married August 25, 1897.
- 12 70 Lydia (Gilbert) Spearow, born September 27, 1835, married October 25, 1868, died Feb. 7, 1913.
- 71 Addie Spearow, born August 26, 1869, died June 4, 1871.
- 72 Hattie H. Spearow, born February 17, 1871, died October 13, 1876.
- 73 Flora Spearow, born February 26, 1874, died November 1, 1876.
- 74 Rollin E. Spearow, born July 27, 1875, married December 20, 1896.
- 13 75 Henry Hunt, born September 16, 1846, married November 28, 1869.
- 76 Ada (Hunt) Wright, born November 13, 1870, married October 30, 1895.
- 77 Ella (Hunt) Wienff, born September 4, 1872, married November 3, 1901.

- 78 Lloyd Hunt, born June 7, 1876, married April 9, 1897.
- 15 79 James Joray, born March 20, 1850, married April 18, 1874.
- 18 80 Mary (Schindler) Helper, born September 17, 1858, married May 25, 1882.
- 81 John Francis Helper, born April 30, 1883.
- 82 Charles Raymond Helper, born September 16, 1884.
- 83 Ida May Helper, born January 30, 1886.
- 21 84 Alice (Deal) Spearow, born November 29, 1857, married January 1, 1878.
- 85 Inez (Spearow) Hammond, born February 2, 1881, married August 25, 1904.
- 86 Daisy (Spearow) Vail, born December 8, 1886, married January 23, 1907.
- 22 87 Matilda (Schreder) Spearow, born June 23 1860 married December 22, 1878.
- 88 Lena (Spearow) Wilson, born February 17, 1884, married May 21, 1904.
- 89 Vivian (Spearow) Calkins, born April 7, 1887, married December 23, 1903.
- 90 Marie Spearow, born October 3, 1891.
- 23 91 Anna (Kalfus) Spearow, born April 15, 1860, married September 16, 1896.
- 27 92 Belle (Hamilton) Spearow, born October 6, 1862, married December 21, 1883.
- 91 Gladys (Spearow) Seibel, born October 15, 1885, married November 22, 1910.
- 92 Guy Spearow, born April 13, 1892, married February 25, 1912.
- 28 93 Margaret (Prentiss) Spearow, born October 31, 1871, married March 24, 1897.

- 94 Anna Spearow, born January 12, 1898, died March 3, 1899.
- 29 95 Gertrude (Hulwick) Spearow, born August 21, 1872, married December 24, 1896.
- 96 Elsie Spearow, born April 10, 1902.
- 30 97 John Kain, born March 23, 1868, married February 12, 1891.
- 98 Cleo Kain, born January 1, 1892.
- 99 Fred Kain, born July 25, 1895.
- 100 Clinton Kain, born February 15, 1898.
- 101 Louis Kain, born December 18, 1907.
- 102 Hazel Kain, born April 20, 1909.
- 31 103 Helen (Prentiss) Spearow, born September 15, 1879, married March 2, 1898.
- 104 Frances Spearow, born June 10, 1899.
- 32 105 Walter Wade, born December 22, 1873, married August 5, 1896.
- 106 Roscoe Wade, born December 9, 1898.
- 107 Beulah Wade, born May 11, 1897.
- 108 Maggie Norris Wade, born December 6, 1905, died January 6, 1906.
- 109 Laurence Wade, born April 13, 1912.
- 36 110 Viola (Fiandt) Neifer, born March 9, 1862, married July 3, 1881, died September 16, 1881.
- 111 May (Chapman) Neifer, born October 5, 1861, married March 19, 1884.
- 112 Margaret (Miller) Neifer, born December 10, 1852, married June 10, 1889.
- 113 Winnie (Neifer) Pritchard, born November 1, 1886, married August 31, 1901.
- 114 Leroy Neifer, born January 15, 1891, died January 16, 1891.

- 115 Seudder Dale Neifer, born December 24, 1891.
37 116 Jessie (Longernecker) Neifer, born January 21, 1855, married October 6, 1881.
39 117 Minnie (Stiffney) Neifer, born May 26, 1874, married March 1, 1898.
118 Hazel V. Neifer, born April 4, 1892.
119 Amber Neifer, born December 25, 1895
120 Merritt E. Neifer, born January 24, 1898.
121 Florence Neifer, born June 26, 1901.
44 122 Jennie (Wilson) Spearow
123 Lulu Spearow
124 Lovey May Spearow
125 James Spearow
45 126 William Teal, born March 4, 1858, married September 18, 1887.
127 Grace (Teal) Conklin, ^{Saunders} born May 8, 1890, married May 13, 1909.
46 128 David McKenzie, born January 15, 1860, married December 23, 1887.
129 Florence McKenzie, born September 28, 1888.
130 Myrtle McKenzie, born January 15, 1890.
131 David H. McKenzie, junior, born February 24, 1891, died February 25, 1891.
132 Blanche (McKenzie) Stenck, born August 5, 1892, married December 26, 1910.
133 Paul McKenzie, born September 9, 1894.
48 134 Cary Deter, born April 20, 1864, married November 10, 1889.
135 Frank Deter, born May 9, 1890.
136 Carl Deter, born October 15, 1892.
49 137 Myrtle (Williams) Spearow, born May 11, 1866, married June 13, 1903.

50 138 Frank Sauer, born December 2, 1862, married November 25, 1896.

51 139 Louisa (Bimbaum) Spearow, born January 14, 1870, married January 19, 1909.

52 140 Lizzie (Hoops) Spearow, married Jan. 6, 1895.

~~ALBERT RALPH~~ - 141 Ralph Spearow, born October 3, 1896.

142 Carl Spearow

143 Birdena Spearow, born June 26, 1902.

55 144 Mintie (White) Spearow, born April 16, 1862, married February 11, 1886.

145 Vesta (Spearow) Shaffer, born September 19, 1886, married November 28, 1906.

146 Clarence Spearow, born February 28, 1888, died September 16, 1909

147 Gusta Spearow, born June 17, 1892, married October 5, 1913.

148 Clifford Spearow, born May 19, 1895.

56 149 Alice (Hanna) Spearow, born May 13, 1863, married May 13, 1906.

58 150 Clista (Hedglin) Spearow, born October 7, 1873, married August 16, 1896, died July 29, 1913.

151 Bessie Spearow, born October 7, 1897.

152 Dessie Spearow, born September 18, 1898, died April 16, 1908.

153 Amy Spearow, born October 16, 1899.

154 Russell Spearow, born October 4, 1900.

155 Earl Spearow, born August 20, 1902.

156 Cecil Spearow, born April 22, 1904.

157 Arthur Spearow, born August 26, 1905.

158 Ray Spearow, born May 16, 1908, died June 25, 1911.

159 Franklin Spearow, born June 26, 1910.

- 59 160 William DeLong, born March 29, 1854, married January 1, 1891.
- 161 Glenn DeLong, born October 30, 1891.
- 162 Jessie DeLong, born February 25, 1898.
- 163 Ina DeLong, born June 30, 1900.
- 164 Vida DeLong, born December 6, 1903.
- 165 Dallas DeLong, born February 14, 1907.
- 60 166 Sumner Hughes, born June 16, 1878, married July 27, 1899.
- 167 Flossie Hughes, born July 24, 1900.
- 168 Robert Hughes, born November 2, 1902
- 169 Howard Hughes, born January 7, 1909.
- 62 170 Anna (Randol) Spearow, born August 14, 1881, married September 7, 1902, died April 4, 1906.
- 171 Clara (Randol) Spearow, born May 18, 1887, married January 3, 1907.
- 172 Anna P. Spearow, born April 19, 1908.
- 173 Ruby L. Spearow, born June 16, 1910, ^{Co. 1413} (No. 226)
- 63 174 Abraham Needham, born March 12, 1866, married August 15, 1888.
- 175 Ray Needham, born July 10, 1889.
- 176 Ruby Needham, born July 2, 1892.
- 177 Ruth Needham, born December 8, 1897.
- 178 Ruth Needham, born December 1, 1900.
- 64 179 Mary (Hess) Spearow, born October 8, 1869, married September 25, 1891.
- 180 H. Glen Spearow, born July 22, 1896.
- 181 Herschel F. Spearow, born October 2, 1898. - ^{Dieo} ^{Feb 8/14} ₁₉₆₅
- 182 Paul D. Spearow, born July 24, 1904.
- 183 Ralph E. Spearow, born July 25, 1906.
- 65 184 May (Himes) Spearow, born November 12, 1878, married June 28, 1899.

- 66 185 Blanche (North) Spearow, born January 11, 1881, married November 21, 1900.
- 186 Ruth N. Spearow, born May 6, 1902.
- 187 Wilma B. Spearow, born October 15, 1905.
- 69 188 Alva B. Cole, born August 28, 1869, married August 25, 1897.
- 189 Esther L. Cole, born June 14, 1899.
- 190 Marion M. Cole, born February 22, 1903.
- 191 Lora A. Cole, born October 6, 1905.
- 192 Alva B. Cole, born September 17, 1907.
- 193 Emory W. Cole, born February 12, 1911.
- 74 194 Florence(Case) Spearow, born July 6, 1888, married December 20, 1896.
- 195 Retha Spearow, born July 2, 1900.
- 196 Steward Spearow, born September 11, 1901.
- 197 Dorotha B. Spearow, born December 4, 1904, died January 23, 1907.
- 198 Donald L. Spearow, born September 21, 1908, died February 19, 1909.
- 199 Wendell A. Spearow, born January 22, 1910.
- 200 Harry S. Spearow, born February 17, 1912.
- 76 201 David Wright, born September 28, 1873, married October 30, 1895.
- 202 Russell L. Wright, born June 3, 1897, died September 19, 1898.
- 203 Floyd E. Wright, born September 11, 1900.
- 204 Lawrence J. Wright, born January 2, 1906.
- 77 205 Charley Wieuff, born May 10, 1870, married November 3, 1901.
- 206 Don H Wieuff, born May 14, 1910.
- 207 Lloyd A. Wieuff, born September 21, 1913.

- 78 208 Charity (Lothry) Hunt, born December 13, 1874, married April 9, 1897.
- 86 209 Leroy Vail, born April 22, 1878, married January 23, 1907.
- 210 Ralph S. Vail, born January 10, 1911.
- 88 211 Earl Wilson, born May 21, 1882, married May 21, 1904.
- 212 Irene Wilson, born March 9, 1905.
- 213 Dale Wilson, born November 18, 1907.
- 89 214 Lewis B. Calkins, born June 1, 1883, married December 23, 1903.
- 215 Juanita Calkins, born July 20, 1905.
- 113 216 Earl Pritchard, born October 19, 18--, married August 31, 1901.
- 127 217 Elmer Conklin, born February 22, 1888, married May 13, 1909.
- 218 George T. Conklin, born January 13, 1911.
- 219 Mary Conklin, born December 25, 1912.
- 131 220 Rhenold Steuck, married December 26, 1910.
- 221 Paul D. Steuch, born November 30, 1911.
- 135 222 Mabel (Young) Deter,
- 145 223 Charles E. Shaffer, born August 10, 1880, married November 28, 1906.
- 224 Leah M. Shaffer, born August 5, 1913.
- 147 225 Earl M. Long, married October 5, 1913.
- 62 226 Thelma June Spearow, born June 30, 1913.

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